

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the
Christian Church.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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His Business.

"You sent for me, sir," said Robert Henderson going to the desk of his employer, the owner of the wholesale fruit store.

"Yes, I sent for you to say that I shall not want your services after this week."

Robert turned a shade paler.

"Isn't it a little sudden, sir?" he ventured to ask.

"It is about as long notice as I usually give. This is a dull season, you know, some clerks would think themselves fortunate in having held on till now."

"Have I given satisfaction?"

"Very good indeed." Mr. Strong varied the set indifferent monotony of his tone a little, but even the little was gratifying from a man like him. "I will give you very good recommendations."

"I don't know that they will do me much good—any good, in fact," said Robert to himself, as he turned and went down stairs. "There are ten applications for one situation this time a year."

Many a luckless bread winner turned suddenly out of employment will be able to enter into his feelings as he thought of his, widowed mother and the sisters who looked to him for help in the struggle to maintain a home.

"Sent off on short notice, hey?" asked a clerk who came out with him, the last two as the house was closed for the night.

"Just like John Strong."

"But he was under no obligation to keep me when he didn't need me."

"Maybe not. But it seems to me that if I had a clerk that I knew was a good one and that needed work, I'd manage to carry him through a dull season. Especially if I was a rich man like him. What's this?"

A heavy loaded dray had drawn up to the curbstone, the driver of which had begun to unload boxes addressed to the firm.

"How's all this?" said Robert, going towards him. "It's too late to deliver goods to-night."

"I know it, mister," said the drayman respectfully, "but I couldn't help it this time."

"They were due here two hours ago."

"Yes, and the big fire down here blocked everything. The hose were all over the streets and nothing could pass. I got caught. It was hose before me and hose behind me, so I couldn't get out."

"But the place is locked up for the night."

"Then I suppose I'll have to stack the boxes here on the pavement."

"The stuff will freeze if it stays out all night."

"What can I do?" said the man looking much perplexed. "I was hired to haul it and I've hauled it. I can't help the delay."

"Come along. Don't bother yourself about it," said Robert's friend to him. "It isn't any concern of yours."

"Yes, it is," said Robert, half absently.

"Why, it isn't any part of your business to see to receiving of the goods."

"No," said Robert; "but I couldn't feel right if I didn't try to do something in such a muddle."

"You're a simpleton," said the other good humoredly, as he walked away. "It isn't your muddle. And you just turned off, too. I'd let the boss look after his own concerns."

Here was exactly the difference between two young men. Robert possessed very clear and decided ideas as to his duty to his employer, and could not reconcile his conscience to the allowing of his interests to suffer in any way which lay in his power to prevent, even though his special duties were entirely apart from this line of the business.

He turned again to the drayman who had ceased his unloading and stood by his horses, wearing a look of distress and indecision.

"If I get into a muddle with the boss like enough he'll dismiss me," he said.

"That won't do," said Robert, heartily.

"He has just dismissed me and so I know how it feels. We'll contrive something, I guess. Do you know where Mr. Strong lives? I might telephone him to know what he would like done."

But the man did not know. Robert was beating his brain for some other plan when the door of a large store a little distance down the street opened and two or three workmen came out. Robert darted towards them, reaching the door just as a man stepped out and was about to lock it.

The young clerk quickly explained the perplexing circumstances attending the delayed delivery of the fruit, ending with:

"Do you think you could let me store it in here? You're empty I see."

"Yes, we are empty," said the man, "but I am only the janitor of the building, haven't anything to do with it except to see it locked up and safe from fire. But," he continued, looking at the troubled face of the drayman who had come near, "Mr. Race is not a hard man, and if you will take the risk of it—can't do a mite of harm as I can see—we will just set in here for the night, if you will see that it's out before time for work to begin in the morning. Mr. Race is having the store fitted up for opening."

"I will be on hand early," said Robert, the drayman heartily undertaking to be with him. With willing hands the three worked until the load was transferred within shelter.

True to his appointment Robert was where he had promised to be, with the first ray of murky light which made its way among the tall buildings, and the boxes were out and piled before Mr. Strong's door. Meeting the proprietor of the store which had afforded such valuable help in time of need, Robert made explanations which were fully satisfactory.

"He seems to be the right sort of a chap," said Mr. Race, looking after Robert as he hurried to his work. "It was not his business to look after the fruit, so the drayman says. Well I like the sort that makes it their business to look out for the interests of those who hire them. They are scarce, and worth their weight in gold in a business—if they are lively and bright, too, as he seems to be. Out of his situation, the man says Well, if Strong does not know when he is well off, I am under no obligation to tell him. I will send for the young fellow and talk to him again."

The drayman went to Mr. Strong with his report of what had taken place, and remembering Robert's kindness to him in his dilemma did not fail to say a few words in praise of the young man's energy and faithfulness. And Mr. Strong also came to the conclusion, although more slowly, that he liked a young fellow who by his quick eye and prompt action could save the firm several hundred dollars. On the day when Robert's week was out he again desired his presence in the office and said to him:

"I have changed my mind about letting you go, Henderson. Business is looking up and I guess you may work on."

"Thank you, sir," said Robert, "but I have taken a situation with Mr. Race."

"You have! when did he hire you?"

The day after I stacked the fruit in his store."

"Hem!" Mr. Strong was not the man to allow any one to see his chagrin as he nodded a good evening.

"I have made a mistake," he said, looking at Robert.

"That's the right sort of a fellow to keep about, and Race was sharp enough to see it. Well, I will keep a standing offer before him and perhaps he will come back."

But Mr. Race was sharp enough to retain a valuable employee when he had him, and Robert is enjoying the steady advancement and prosperity which belongs not with eye service, but with earnest and faithful seeking to perform his highest duty.—*New York Observer.*

The Bible's History.

The British and Foreign Bible Society was started by an insignificant little Welch girl. When the present century was young Mary Jones walked many a weary mile from Llandudno to Bala in March, 1804, to ask the minister there, Mr. Charles, for a copy of the Bible. That worthy divine—expelled, by the by, like Wesley, from the Episcopalian fold—was so moved, and to such purpose that the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded a few months afterward.

The bishops were disgusted, and declared that to circulate the Bible without prayer-book as an antidote would undo the English people; while Wadsworth, the poet, wrote against the society, on the ground that it would add to the ranks of dissenters. Like Bradley's cake at Drury Lane theater, so a Bible cake is cut every anniversary of Mary Jones' walk of the offices of the British and Foreign Bible society, and the occasion is a festival of the year with hundreds of Sunday school children. The cake corresponds in pounds with the years of the society's existence. Next birthday, March 7, the cake, encased in pink and white sugar, will weigh thirty seven pounds.

The year 1804 is memorable also in America, for then a few Baptists in New York started a society which lent bibles for periods of a month. The Philadelphia Bible society was founded four years later, and the great American Bible society was set on foot in 1817.

The Bible can boast "the largest circulation in the world." The man in the street and the woman in the boudoir know but little if anything, about its early vicissitudes. The Old Testament consists of 39 books, divided into 929 chapters, containing 591,439 words. At first it was written without any vowels, like a ready writer's shorthand; the vowels, points, etc., were not added for hundreds of years—indeed, it was once asserted that the devil had put them in. For so many words had double meanings and different pronunciations that all the textual criticism has arisen.

The name Old Testament first occurs in the 2d epistle to the Corinthians, written in A. D. 55. It was Simon the Just, about 292 B. C., who laid down the law as to what should be included in the volume. The oldest version we know of is the Septuagint, written about 277 B. C. in Greek. It is called the Septuagint, because Ptolemy Philadelphus ordered seventy Jews to come to Egypt and translate the Old Testament, or because the work was done in seventy days. Traditions as to this differ. The old copyists had no idea of *meum* and *teum*. They would make alterations and additions, according to their own sweet will; nay, they would even incorporate marginal notes into the text.

The New Testament was written like a child's copybook, all in capitals on papyrus rolls. The rolls soon wore out, so parchment and vellum were substituted. No papyrus copies are extant. The New Testament is divided into seventy-seven books, containing 260 chapters. It was written in Greek—the very word Bible is Greek—and this was the very same language of the early Christians.

Various versions of the Old Testament in Arabic owe their origin to the spread of Islam, and when Jerusalem was destroyed a colony of Jews went to the far east—to China, it is said—taking with them very early copies. So incorrectly were the Bibles being copied that Jerome produced the Latin Vulgate in 405 A. D., ever since adopted by the church of Rome, which, by the by, as an antidote to Protestant versions, upholds the Rhemish and Douay Bibles.

For centuries the Latin Bible reigned supreme, but metrical versions were published in the vernacular, that Anglo-Saxon one of Caedmon's (the venerable Bede,) in 664 A. D. is a case in point. The Latin Bible was the first book printed. Tyndale's New Testament was the first book printed in English, in 1526. Eighteen of the former exist—twelve being in Britain. Only one copy of Tyndale's volume is known, and that is in Bristol Baptist college. The earl of Oxford's butler brought the priceless treasure to his master two centuries ago, who gave him 10 guineas (\$59) for it and an annuity of £20 (\$100) for the rest of his life.

Very curious some of the English editions are. There is the "Breeches" Bible printed at Geneva in 1560, so called because the word "breeches" is substituted for "aprons" in the passage in which it is stated that Adam and Eve sewed fig leaves together and made themselves "breeches." Then there is the "Wicked Bible," because in the seventh commandment the word "not" is left out. Another edition is the "Vinegar" Bible—a misprint for "vineyard."

One of the quaintest is the gentleman's Bible. A man considered Biblical language too homely, and freely substantiated words of Latin and Greek in origin for honest Anglo-Saxon. The parable from the Prodigal Son began thus: "Now a certain gentleman had two sons. Of course there is a Bowdlerized version, and also a stringing together of all the passages, but the latter is not in the Bible house.

The Bishop's Bible is so called because twelve out of the sixteen translators were bishops. Then there are all sorts of curiosities in the way of printing, illustrations and binding. One version is translated by the late king of Tahiti, and there is a copy of the Pentateuch also specially prepared for one of the shahs.

There is a sundry story about the Pentateuch. It is generally admitted now that it

is a piece of patchwork. A suspected heretic was baited and asked for his views as to its origin. "I think," he said, "that the Pentateuch is of Mosaic origin"—but he meant mosaic with a small, not a capital M.

Among the 1,200 volumes of the Holy Writ in one of the public libraries in London are specimens of quaint Bibles. One is a Nigger-English New Testament, in which children are called "piccaninnies." In the version used by the South Sea Islanders sheep and lambs are described as "woolly pigs." Then there is the pidgeon English of John Chinaman, also set up in all the glory of print.

In 1804 a New Testament in England cost one and fourpence, and a Bible about four and six. Abroad matters were worse. In Poland the Bible could scarcely be had for love or money; and clergymen expounded the word without possessing a copy of it. In Sweden not a single Bible was found among 14,000 families; and in Iceland the 50,000 inhabitants of which could nearly all read, only fifty or so Bibles were traced.

A marvelous change has since been brought about. The circulation of the Scriptures last year from London amounted to 3,492,263 copies, viz., 836,205 Bibles, 1,387,217 Testaments and 1,568,840 portions. Since 1804 (when there was only thirty-five translations) the Scriptures have been written in 225 languages, and indirectly sixty-five more, and last year, in various parts of the world, translations and revisions were in progress in nearly seventy languages and dialects.

Nor has England neglected America in the way of translations, for from London are sent to the far west hundreds of copies of the Blackfoot and Slave Indians of the northwest, and other versions for use in Central and South America.—*Sel.*

Strength only in God.

Man in his best estate is weak. He has little power within himself to cope with the powers and principalities that are arrayed against his spiritual welfare; but if thoroughly converted in heart and mind, if given up to the Lord in a full purpose to serve Him and to obey His law without any mental reservation, he may depend upon God to help him, and be sustained by the assurance—"My grace is sufficient for thee." O the power of a consecrated will! He who once possesses it, will find it removing difficulties, giving strength for weakness, and like the star in the East to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer and still nearer to the Son of righteousness. D. E. MILLARD.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone.—*Bond.*

Benevolence.

Dear Lord come soon
And open wide this heart of ours,
And let the streams of gifts be flowers
That yields to us in fragrant bowers,
Their sweet perfume,
For offerings cast before thy throne,
Give rise to joys untold, unknown.

Dear Lord we ask
That thou in whom all fullness dwells,
Create in us those living wells
Sufficient for thy calls, and tell
We wear no mask.
But strive to give thee back thy own
To hear thy gracious words, "Well done."

Dear Lord we pray
That nothing we may own may be
Withheld from doing good to thee,
But to thy will a servant free,

That heaven may
Be ours in truth, and let thy love
Be here our rest, our joy above.

Dear Lord we know
Thou dost our labors all repay
So many fold. Then why delay
And dare to cast one cent away
On lusts below?

While by thine aid we see it rise,
To shine forever in the skies.

MARY BROWN SHUSS.

Locust Grove, Pa., Mar. 11, 1891.

THE PASTORS' PAGE.

"Plan your work, and work your plan."

Thanks.

DEAR SUN:—Will you please allow me space to acknowledge the receipt of a large box containing many useful articles valued at eighteen or twenty dollars, from friends at Burton's Grove. I am informed that sister Bettie Bain was mover in the matter. I hope these dear friends will accept our thanks for such expression. Last Sunday night at Dendrons a mission point at which I have been preaching for some few months, I found a nice purse on the pulpit for me, containing greenbacks and silver to the amount of about twenty dollars with the name of each contributor. These friends also will please accept thanks. I was told that it was not as compensation for services but as a simple expression and index. May blessings rest upon all these.

M. W. BUTLER.

Waverly, Va. March, 18, 1891.

From Rev. P. H. Fleming.

DEAR SUN:—My work at New Providence, Long's Chapel and Lebanon is in good condition.

Lebanon seems to be much encouraged, and I think has reason to be. The outlook is indeed hopeful, and the brethren and sisters are uniting heartily in the work before them. Lebanon is well located and the building is a splendid one. The church is incorporated, and so there are no bar rooms for some distance.

Temperance has gained a signal victory in Graham. We have had no bar rooms in Graham during this year. The county

commissioners refused to grant license upon which refusal a writ of mandamus was issued: summoning the said county commissioners before a judge, to show good reason for such a refusal. In other words it was a suit brought by Sharpe vs. the commissioners to compel the commissioners to issue him license to retail liquor in the town of Graham. When the matter came before the judge the liquor men took a new suit. All the evidence was on the side of commissioners. Good for the good people of Graham in bringing about such a blessing. I am glad that we have commissioners who are not afraid to do the right.

I am much pleased with Long's Chapel. I find an excellent congregation there.

New Providence is to have an Easter exercise on Easter Sunday, Mrs. J. W. Harden, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, and Miss Cordie Horaday have charge of the arrangement.

One member was received with the New Providence church last Sabbath.

Miss Sarah Forshee who joined the church a few weeks ago, has passed from labor to reward. She died trusting Jesus. Her brother from Idaho was with her during her last illness.

Prof H. J. Stockard is the author of two beautiful sonnets in a book—"Representation Sonnets by American Poets"—recently published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Of all compositions, the Sonnet is perhaps the most difficult. We rejoice in Bro. Stockard's success.

Since writing the above, I have attended the funeral services of Bro. George Loman, who died at Mt. Holly a few days ago. His remains were brought to his church home, New Providence, for burial. Rev. W. S. Long, D. D. conducted the services. Our old land-marks are fast passing away. There are few left standing. Lord, so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

P. H. FLEMING.

Graham, N. C. March, 18, 1891.

News From the Valley.

News continues scarce. All the churches seem to be in peace. Antioch has some able workers in her membership. May they soon be found, working for Jesus. We are preparing for a grand communion here in the month of May. We expect all our members that are in the state to be present, or report by letter. Linville is rapidly coming to the front, her Y. P. S. C. E. is a grand help to the converts.

I am sorry to have to report a terrible accident that happened here a few days ago. Young brother DeWitt Swank, of Edom, was caught by the gearing of his father's grist-mill, and badly, though not fatally, hurt, but for the help of a companion, he would

have been crushed to death. He was resting easy when I visited him next day. He was one of the coverts of the Linville revival last fall.

We are hoping for much success here the present year. May we not be disappointed is my earnest prayer.

Bro. D. P. Rosenberger, of Union Chapel is here keeping books for Mr. Rhodes, and as he is a grand singer, and a faithful Christian worker, I am looking to him, for help, Bethlehem's loss will be Linville's gain.

Here at Bethlehem, we are trying to get the membership aroused and to work, but sometimes almost give up in despair. We are having very large congregations, and excellent order, but no interest, up to last night. Seven arose for prayer, and came forward and knelt with the preachers and the church in prayer. O that the Lord may send the Spirit in great power to burn on the altar of every heart.

Sister Draper is preaching some of the most powerful sermons I ever listened to, plain, direct, and eloquent, with the choicest English, and a perfect mastery of oratory, she seems to be inspired at times with more than human power, and I do believe is helped by the Invisible One Jesus says "Without me ye can do nothing."

I have had to drink a very bitter cup lately. A dear father by marriage, and more than a father by love and affection, has left us to be with Jesus. He had passed beyond his four score years, and yet his eye had lost none of its brightness, or his voice its tenderness to plead with the sinner to turn from sin to Christ. Three score and ten years had he been in the fold of Christ, and truly it can be said of him that he "rests from his labor and his works do follow him." A remarkable fact in connection with a mention of his name is that his wife is four years older than he, and yet neither ever used glasses or spectacles to improve or aid their sight. Mother is past eighty-seven and yet can read ordinary newspaper print. May Jesus comfort her in her lonesome hours, and help all the dear ones to be as fully prepared for their summons as dear father was.

I hope now that our dear brethren will get out their rusty pens and keep them bright hereafter with news for our new SUN. Or our SUN in a new dress. I like the change very much. I offer a suggestion to my ministerial brethren, in canvassing for the SUN. There is no "patent" on it, use if you choose, give us a better if you can.

I am taking a census of my congregations, what papers they read, religious or secular, or political; then expect to lay the result before them in a sermon on subject. I already have a committee in each church for the SUN, but many neglect or refuse to work. Tell me what books and papers are read in a family, and I will tell you where you will find the readers. A census of this

kind would be a good thing for Brother Herndon, for he would know what churches to visit, and also what families in each congregation he should visit.

I will relate one incident on this line and then close. Not many years ago I visited a family and in conversation mentioned the *Herald of Gospel Liberty* of Dayton, Ohio. The brother said does Isaac N. Walter still write to the paper, if so I believe I will take it. Comment is unnecessary.

Your brother,

D. A. BARNEY.

—◆◆◆—
Loves the Sun.

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—I feel that I should say to you that I have learned to love the SUN and anxiously watch for its coming each week. At first it seemed distant and strange, but now I begin to feel pretty well acquainted with those whose names appear in it. The change in form is, in my judgment, an important improvement, and I rejoice with you in this evidence of prosperity. I admire the letters of Bro. Staley. He is a writer of much elegance of style. This is a rare beauty, ease and grace of expression with him. I have but little acquaintance with him, but I should say that he is no ordinary man. For your kindly notices of me and my work please accept my heartfelt thanks. But here is my dollar which means that I want the SUN continued. Cordially,

J. F. ULLERY.

Franklinton, N. C., Mar. 20, 1891.

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From Alabama.

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—I send you one new subscriber to the SUN and will try to send another.

Our little church at Macedonia is moving on slowly but surely, I think. We have been a constituted body for six years. We have never had a complaint laid before the church yet. At our last District meeting our delegate made a report of our condition as a church and the moderator called for a banner and gave to our delegate with instructions to bear it to the church, which he did. It was gladly received. We mean to try to retain it.

I hope Bro. Hurley, or some good help, may reach our Conference by next summer. Rev. J. D. Elder needs help.

We have begun raising our Home Mission fund and we mean to do our part, or more in that work.

I hope to meet you at our next Conference.

J. W. ELDER.

Buckeye, Ala., Mar. 14, '91.

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Raleigh Christian Church.

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—Please say to the friends of this church, through the columns of the SUN, that we are working. Since last Conference we think our congregations have

averaged double the membership. Four have joined the church since Christmas, others will soon. We have a weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday nights, at which we take a collection and the amount thus collected is known as our "Foreign Missionary Fund."

The Ladies Aid Society has had the church yard laid off in nice walks, and a pretty terrace made around the church, have planted rose bushes, and will plant evergreens and flowers. We have as neat and as pretty a church yard, if not the superlative of any in Raleigh. The brethren have had some external work done on the building which adds to its beauty as well as protection against the weather. The brethren and the sisters are more attentive to the services and interested in the work of building up the church than ever before; this is seen in many particulars.

We have but few services in which we do not meet strangers. Last Sunday morning there were several present—one we met from Kansas City and another from Georgia. In this way we think the Raleigh church is doing much good. Many attend our services who know nothing of us as a denomination, and are eager and extensive in their inquiries as to who and what we are.

Yes, our work is hopeful, and we ask your prayers for this year's success.

Mar. 28, '91.

JAS. L. FOSTER.

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From Rev. H. H. Butler.

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—Thinking perhaps our people would like to hear something from my field, I therefore write.

Last Saturday and Sunday were my monthly and communion meetings at Oakland and Mt. Zion. The business of the churches was transacted in much love and harmony. Sunday our communion meetings were delightful. The Lord was with us at both places. Many at Mt. Zion felt happy in a Savior's love, and some as their cup ran over, expressed their joy. Mt. Zion is doing well. They have secured a beautiful communion set, and will soon have the church carpeted. We want soon to commence a series of meetings at this place and we trust the Lord will be with us and that many souls may be brought to Jesus, and added to the church such as shall be saved.

On Saturday night I had the pleasure of staying with Capt. Garry Houghwout, Deacon of the church, and also fully consecrated to the work of the Master. Capt. Garry has a most interesting family.

On Sunday just before preaching Bro. Robert A. Fields was ordained to the office of Deacon in the church. Bro. Fields is a very earnest worker in the church and power in the community. He is certainly gifted in prayer, and I trust that he will be the means in God's

hands of doing great good in the church and community. Bro. Fields has quite an interesting family—some bright boys. Some of them may be preachers of the gospel. The Lord bless Bro. Fields and his good family and help him in all of his work to do good.

Sunday night I stayed with Capt. Theo. Houghwout, treasurer of the church. Here I always feel at home; his wife, his dear mother, and all who stay there seem just like home folks. They all love Jesus and I love to go where Jesus is. I love to hear Bro. Houghwout and his good wife sing the old but sweet songs of Zion. The Lord bless them all and may we all by and by meet together in heaven.

On Saturday the church at Oakland desired to have a protracted meeting commencing the third Sunday in next August, with the understanding that we are to try if possible to have Bro. W. G. Clements to help us. I hope God will spare us and that Bro. Clements will be with us.

Bro. Job Holland, who is one of Oakland's faithful members, has been very ill for some time, is now a little better. The Lord be with him and raise him up again.

March 18th, we married R. C. Harrell and Miss Lizzie L. Horton. H. H. B.

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A Scare.

After the death of our aged brother, who kept for us our Liguria meeting house in Tokio; a bad fire broke out in the same street taking 173 houses. The sparks came to our meeting house causing much alarm; some of our members and friends gathered there and aided in carrying off into the park near by as much of their movable stuff as possible. The fire which broke out at or about 5:30 p. m. was brought under by 10 p. m. so that it was not likely to spread any further, then our brethren assisted the family to return to our meeting house once more with their goods. One poor girl however lost all her clothes not on her.

D. F. JONES.

—◆◆◆—
Be Honest.

The motto of Dr. Cyler ought to be written in letters of Gold—"No one was ever lost on a straight road." It is the crooked road that leads men to trouble. Honesty in business makes a soft bed to sleep on. A dying man referring to his property, said: "It is not much, but there is not a dirty shilling in it." Men have made piles of money, but how much dirty money will judgment find in it. Is your money clean money? Let your honesty be "O and O"—out and out. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." The man that cheats and defrauds and takes short cuts will sooner or later come to grief, and he ought to.

The Jew.

Traveling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old highly respected clergyman give a short account of a Jew. Preaching to a large and attentive audience, his attention was attracted by seeing a man having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his countenance; he was well dressed; his countenance was noble, though it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to roll down his manly cheek.

After service the clergyman fixed his eyes steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him: "Sir, am I correct? Am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The substance of the narrative is as follows:

He was a very respectable man, of superior education, who had lately come from London, and with his books, his riches and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe, and now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love, and her amiable disposition threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several different languages and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder that a doting father, whose head had become sprinkled with gray, should place his whole affection on this only child of his love, as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion.

It was not long ago that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eyes lost their fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was secretly destroying her. The father hung over the bed of his daughter, with a heart ready to burst with anguish; he often attempted to converse with her, but seldom spoke but by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of Death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small ground near his house wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by his dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of her chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of Death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand. "My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know I love you—that you are more dear to me than the whole world beside!" "But, father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me such exquisite pain?" "But, my dear father, do you love me?" The father could not answer. The child added: "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me, you have ever been the kindest of parents, and I dearly love you. Will you grant me one request? Oh! my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it." My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!" The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl. "I know but a little about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know He is a Saviour, for He has manifested Himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe He will save me, although I have never before loved Him. I feel that I am going to Him, that I shall ever be with Him; and now, my father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of Him, and I pray you may know Him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on Him the love that was formerly mine." The exertion here overcame the weakness of her body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great sorrow of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to the Saviour whom she loved and honored.

The first thing the parent did after committing to the earth his last earthly joy was to procure a New Testament. Then he read, and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb.—*West Virginia Methodist.*

Churchanity?

I often wonder why it is that there are so many different denominations. Can it be that there are just that many ways to get to Heaven? No, I think not. This is a free country and every man is his own free agent. He has the right to exercise his own judgment and that he certainly does in one hundred and one different ways. You may talk with a church member on the subject of religion. You will not get far before you come to a halt. "Oh, I don't exactly agree with you there," he says. You quote passages of Scripture that clearly prove your argument, but the brother will not give up.

He will have it his way, right or wrong. That man has *churchanity*, but his christianity is wanting. Here is another man, he lives in sight of the church, but never goes to prayer-meeting, never goes to Sunday-school, neither does he visit the sick. He goes to his own church about once in three months, but does not go to any church of another denomination. That man has *churchanity*, but his christianity would not save a grass-hopper. Here is another man. He professes religion and joins the church in August. Perhaps he is at the church-meeting in September, but that is about the last of him. He never thinks of attending the business meetings on Saturday. You may see him there on Sunday once or twice through the year, but you can't get near enough to him to ask him to contribute something to the pastor's salary. If you are sharp enough to catch him and should ask him for money—nine cases out of ten he has left his pocket-book at home—hasn't sold any cotton—has had to pay out so much that he hasn't any for church purposes, or something else is the matter. That man will grumble the year through about what he has to pay the church. He will spend more money at Christinas for whiskey to make egg-nog and other Christmas drinks, than he has paid to the church all the year. This man will boast of his religion, as though he had enough to save the world. You ask him how much of the Bible he's ever read. "Oh I've read nearly all of it," You ask him if he has read the book of Hezekiah. "Oh, yes, I've read all of that." That man has read the Book of Hezekiah but he doesn't know that there is such a book in the Bible as Zephaniah. His name is on the church-book. He is a church member. He has *churchanity* but his christianity is wanting. Here is a man—deacon of the church. He talks in prayer-meetings. He tells the young people they musn't do this or that. And immediately he goes and does the very thing that he has so strongly condemned. Here is another man—deacon also. He does something contrary to the church rules. One good brother says: "That won't do—that brother must be expelled"—"No No," says another, "that wont do. We can't get along without this brother deacon if he has done wrong. Remember how much he paid last year to the church." Thus it is they keep this man in the church for his money. Now that is *churchanity* in every sense of the word. May God help us to throw off this *churchanity*—to put on Christianity and to "practice what we preach." How hard it does seem for us to live as we ought. O, if we could only live as we are taught in Christ's sermon on the Mount. When we would do good evil is always present with us. And thus it is we fail to do too many things that we should do. Will we be among the many mentioned in Matt. 7:22? God forbid.

SELLIE M. SMITH.

Auburn, N. C.

The Poets and the Children.

When we search through the literature of the world we find that the poets have given much attention to children, and that they have called forth some of their sweetest songs. Now I should like to see gathered into one volume all the beautiful things that have been said about children. To wander through the pages would be a constant delight, and I am sure it would make many a hard heart more tender, and give courage to those who are cast down. Its atmosphere would be more refreshing than that of a spring morning. But I know, too, that as we turned the leaves we would come across the shadow of some great sorrow that would in some respects make it a very sad book. It would, however, be a sorrow different from that which fills the heart as we review the actions of some children of a larger growth. The death of these little ones, though it casts a gloom over the household, is not an impenetrable gloom, for through it there shines a hope full of immortality, and with some poet we can exclaim:

They are all gone into the world of light,
And we alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And our sad thought doth clear.

Perhaps the poets of America have said the most tender and sweetest things about the little ones. We can hardly help but think so when we read what they have written. Look into the pages of Buchanan Read, and you come across his "Sunlight on the Threshold":

As then I see her slender size,
Her flowing locks upon her shoulder,
A six years' loss to paradise,
For ne'er on earth the child grew older.

In the same volume we find "The Light of Our Home":

There is a freedom in thy looks
To make the prisoned heart rejoice;
In thy blue eyes we see the brooks,
And hear their music in thy voice.

Lowell, in his "Changeling," gives us an exquisite bit:

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly,
And press it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

Emerson was called upon to pass through the same sorrow; thousands of other parents have been compelled to endure and mourn

The darling who shall not return

Pierpont endears the memory of his last child in the following verses:

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my sturdy chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door

I hear a foot fall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there.

I tread the crowded street,
A satchel lad I meet
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

The following has a more cheerful ring in it:

Sing, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad nor very long;
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tressed Adelaide!
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain;
For our gentle child will weep,
If the theme be dark and deep.
And we will not draw a single, single tear.
Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear!
And like an endless summer shine:
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes;
Therefore bid thy song be merry—dost thou hear?
Mother dear!

Longfellow was a great lover of children, and has written some most tender things about them. I give only a portion of his poem on "The Children":

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads,
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

On another page we read:

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load:
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Ah, wearied, thinking of your road.

"The Children," by Charles Dickinson, an unknown poet, is undoubtedly the sweetest that has ever been written on this subject. Space will allow but a few stanzas of it:

When lessons and tasks are ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night," and be kissed,
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
O the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too 'lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the word and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths deep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,

Of the tempests of fate blowing wild—
O there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

Thus the little ones are honored, and why should they not be? Are they not the flowers of earth? Did not the Master say, "of such is the kingdom?" Their lives should be made bright. One shadow of sorrow should never cross their pathway. Let the poets sing about them. They can find no better theme, nor one that will so touch the universal heart.—*Christian at Work.*

What Shall She Think About?

"What is a woman to think about when she is ironing, sweeping, washing dishes, mending stockings, making beds? Upon something her mind *must* act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge or upon foul dregs!

This was the question Mrs. Smith put to herself, and she determined that her mind should have something good and nutritious to feed upon, that she would accomplish something besides mere housework. She could not set apart a portion of the twenty-four hours for reading and thinking, but some uncertain part of it she resolved she would appropriate. One book that she selected to read she kept in the foot of the cradle or under the pillow, and when she took up the baby her book was near at hand, and she read a few pages while rocking the baby. Another book she kept in the mending basket, and after one piece of work was done she read a little before beginning on another.

On one of the kitchen shelves along with the cook-books were several volumes, any one of which she could open while waiting for some dish to cook that needed constant attention. This was a very scrappy way of gaining information and "improving her mind," but in Mrs. Smith's circumstances it was the only way available for her. It was that or nothing. These bon bons thus snatched in hours of toil kept alive Mrs. Smith's interest in the world of books, and whetted her appetite for larger supplies. After a while her children grew up and away from her knees, and she had time for continuous reading.

Sometimes it is as well to keep cobwebs out of one's mind as out of one's parlor. Often it is better to embroider the intellectual fabric of one's own nature than to embroider one's garments, or ruffle and tuck the children's clothes. The absolute needs of the body are easily supplied; the conventional needs often bankrupt one's resources and leave him a beggar.

The life is more than meat. Shall our chief concern be to feed the perishing body with needful food, when the soul is left to starve in ignorance? Between the pairs of stockings we darn for our boys, let us put a page of some profitable book into our brains, that we may better lead their feet in noble paths. When they come to stretch their faculties against the tug of this exacting world, they will be grateful for having had wise and intelligent mothers.—*Union Signal.*

Topics for Concert of Prayer.

The first week day prayer meeting of each month is time for the concert of prayer for missions. For April I would suggest the following topics:

1. For the blessings of God upon the churches and preaching places in Japan.

2. For the Spirit of God to rest upon the native preachers; and, also, for the Interpreters and Bible-women that they may be efficient helpers to our missionaries in winning souls to Christ, and building the members up into a "Spiritual household."

3. That the Lord may bring to Brother Jones and Rhodes—for this is one of their great needs—native helpers who shall be steadfast in the work of evangelizing their own countrymen.

4. For Christian ministers and churches of this country that they may be led to see the great importance of observing this monthly concert of prayer for missions, and organizing local missionary Societies in all the churches.

Women! My Sisters! To you especially do I appeal. In the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour, the emancipator of women, awake from your lethargy in this matter. Listen to the warning voice of the prospect, "rise up ye women that are at ease, and hear my voice; ye careless daughters, give ear to my speech. For days beyond a year shall ye be troubled, ye careless women.... Tremble, ye women that are at ease; be troubled ye careless ones." While teeming millions are living and dying without Christ, what prayers are you offering, what sacrifices are you making, what money are you giving for their salvation? And not only while it is a duty, but a blessed privilege, a precious service to be engaged in carrying the assurances of a Saviour's dying love to those who sit in the "region and shadow of death." Let us be careful lest the curses of God against Meroz for neglecting to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty," be pronounced against any of us. "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe, etc." Will you pray for missions the first week in April?

EMILY K. BISHOP,
Mission Organizer.

127 Williams St. Dayton Ohio.

Our Norfolk Church.

The *Norfolk News and Courier* of a recent date says:

On Highland Terrace, one block north of Queen Street the Union Christian church a few months ago bought eight of those high and dry lots. They sold two of them and have built a neat and comfortable chapel 45 by 80 feet on a part of the other six lots, leaving room enough for a large church edifice which they will build whenever the needs of the congregation demand it. In this

they have shown good financial sense as well as good church management. But less than this could not be expected of the following well-known and successful business men, led by such a practical and energetic pastor as Dr. Jones: Col. A. Savage, T. A. Jones, J. C. Haynes, E. J. Brickhouse, J. W. Hall, A. M. Eley, as trustees and official board.

The Union Christian church is the youngest organization in the city, and yet it is one of the most vigorous and aggressive bodies of all this community. It maintains practically a down town daily service at the Gospel temperance rooms. Its members have in a personal way contributed to the success of the People's Tabernacle service each Sunday.

Its creed and polity are beautifully simple and practically useful. In opening this new place of worship yesterday morning Dr. Jones presented the cardinal ideas of the Church of God: Reverence, obedience, worship, communion, service. Last night he supplemented these conditions by saying he stood at the door of the church with the spiritual question and request upon his lips: "If thine heart is right, give me thine hand." If a man's heart is true to God, and he is willing to work for men we will shake hands of Christian fellowship with him at once.

The Church puts forth to the world these principles, and as this church has just gone into a new community, doubtless many will read its points of faith and practice with interest:

OUR PRINCIPLES.

1. The Scriptures our rule of faith and practice, and as such they are all sufficient. Tim. 3: 16-17.

2. Christian our only name, the name Divinely given. Acts. xi: 26.

3. Christian character our test of fellowship includes all Christians, and excludes none. Rom. 15: 7.

OUR DOCTRINE.

Is Scriptural, and consequently, evangelical, nothing being required but what is plainly written in the Word of God.

OUR AIM.

The salvation of men; and to this end we cordially invite the co-operation of all the followers of Christ.

The Spirit Of The Truth.

There is a skepticism that is apparently honest, and strong in its argumentative antagonism to the Bible, Christianity, and the church. There is an unbelief which may be voiced by careful moral men like Robert Owen of Scotland, or by reckless blasphemers like Ingersoll; but you will observe that their opposition, for the most part, is directed against the inconsistencies of professors, the haughty arrogance of the priestly class, the spirit of sectism, and the narrow intolerance

of many of the popular systems of theology.

We risk nothing when we challenge the world to produce a man who can rationally and philosophically maintain his opposition to the spirit and genius of the gospel of Jesus Christ. If it be true that a man cannot oppose freedom, tenderness, helpfulness, wisdom, truth, and love, as those are imperfectly manifested among men, without dishonor and disgrace as an irrational babbler and an enemy to society, how can he antagonize the perfect freedom, universal tenderness, and helpfulness, infinite wisdom, truth, and love, which breathes all through the gospel, and at the same time escape the charge of mental imbecility on the one hand, or insane malignity on the other?

Now it is the spirit of the Bible, not always its form of utterance, much less the human interpretations forced upon it, which constitutes the word of God. "The words I speak unto you they are spirit, they are life." It is for this spirit of truth, this spirit of the Bible which we contend, and against this infidelity can forge no argument.

C. J. JONES.

Norfolk Va.

Good Manners.

Don't forget to say "Good morning!" and say it cheerfully, and with a smile: it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind inspiration in every "Good morning" heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "Good morning," it is so also of kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Beliberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful works.—*Every Thursday.*

Much Pleased with It.

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—I am much pleased with the *SUN* in its new form and dress. It deserves and should receive generous patronage from the friends of our cause both of the North and South.

"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares."

And our brethren of the South seem just as near and dear to us as those of the North. May the Lord bless us all!

D. E. MILLARD.

Portland, Mich. Mar. 18, 1891.

It is hard to understand how a man can have all on the altar who spends more for tobacco than he gives to missions.—*Ram's Horn.*

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1891.

REV. J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D. D., Editor.

That "Speciflicated" Business.

In the last issue of this paper we published an item from the *Biblical Recorder* written by Rev. Dr. Durham of this city in which he called upon Baptists generally to have nothing to do with Union Sunday-school organizations and pleaded for the "specification" of such Baptists as might co-operate with the "Philistines" in Union Sunday-school organizations.

It seems that the temperature in Baptist circles suddenly arose, and certain brethren waxed warm at the "speciflicated" idea, and at length it got too warm for Dr. Durham—his brethren were after him with "a sharp stick," and upon reflection he saw that something must be done or he, Haman-like, might be "speciflicated" himself. But the chief question with him no doubt was: "How to get out of it." He planned and he studied. He saw that he had gone too far, for even the chief of this denominational Mafia to go, and deliberately sought a way of escape, but like Esau he could find none. Meanwhile the pressure became heavier, till it reached something less than a ton to the square inch—near a crushing point—when a flash of light dawned from the murky outlook, and he said, ah, now I see it—I will tell the brethren that I was only joking, that I really meant nothing, and so he did in the *Recorder* of March 26, he said that he was joking. If a *crayfish* had said that, we might have understood it, but for Dr. Durham to say it, after he had committed himself and after he had been scotched by Prof. Brewer and Rev. Mr. Scarborough, well it is really singular—not to say funny—but a good *run* is better than a bad *stand*, and we rejoice that our Baptist brethren, as intimated in our last, will stand no such denominational "cut ups" as this "speciflicated" idea. We congratulate the Baptist brotherhood on the stand they have taken against Dr. Durham's denominational "Mafia"—no such thing is needed, and we are glad to see it will not be tolerated, in this *Christian country*.

State S. S. Convention.

The tenth annual Sunday School Convention for North Carolina was held in Fayetteville March 24—26, in the Presbyterian church.

In the absence of the President, Prof. F. S. Blair was called to preside as temporary

chairman. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Rev. J. T. Barclay and W. H. Moore of Fayetteville, and responses were made by Judge Dick of Greensboro and Mr. N. B. Broughton of Raleigh.

The discussions of the various subjects as recently published in the *SUN* were in the main carried out in a highly interesting manner.

Some startling facts were brought out in the report of Mr. H. N. Snow, the Statistical Secretary, not the least of which was that in North Carolina we have 586,668 children between the ages of 6 and 21 years. Of these only 199,896 are in the Sunday school, leaving the very large number of 386,728 children in North Carolina who are not in the Sunday school at all. This is alarming.

The great purpose of the Convention is to bring this large number of children into the Sunday school. To this end the most important work of the Convention was undertaken in the redistricting of the State into counties of three each, for each of which a vice president was chosen. Superintendents will be appointed for counties, townships and communities. In this way it is hoped to accomplish a "house to house visitation" throughout the State and seek to bring these 386,728 children into the School.

To assist this work nearly \$1200 were raised to put a man in the field as State organizer. He will give his entire time to this work. The appointment will be made by the Ex. Com. Prof. F. S. Blair is spoken of as the propable man for the place. Mr. H. N. Snow is the leading spirit of the Convention. The work is entirely familiar to him and he performs his arduous labors well.

Mr. Wm. Reynolds of Peoria, Ill., Mrs. W. F. Crafts of New York City, and Rev. Theo. Woods of N. Y. State, were present. Mr. Reynolds is a great Sunday school manager and Mrs. Crafts is perhaps the finest Infant Class teacher in the country, while Mr. Woods is a splendid musician.

There were many fine speeches made but Mr. J. H. Southgate was the orator of the occasion.

The meeting next year goes to Newberne.

The following officers were elected:

President—Judge R. P. Dick, of Greensboro.

Corresponding and Statistical Secretary—Mr. H. N. Snow, of Durham.

Recording Secretary—Rev. J. P. Barrett, of Raleigh.

Treasurer—W. H. Sprunt, of Wilmington.

This was our first visit to Fayetteville, and we confess we want to go again. The people were so kind and hospitable, it was a real pleasure to dwell among them. Our home must have been the best—it was with Mr. D. H. Ray and his excellent family—and was all that we could have desired. Of

them we shall long entertain very pleasant recollections.

Fayetteville is called an old town, but it certainly is a delightful one. While it may be old it has many new and handsome buildings, both as business houses and as residences. We have written not half enough, but our space is full. J. P. B.

PERSONALS.

YOUNG.—Rev. Geo. Young's post office address is changed from Carlisle, N. Y. to Laurens, Otsego county, N. Y.

HOLT.—Rev. J. W. Holt of Alamance Co., N. C. attended District Meeting and dedication at Zion last Saturday and Sunday.

BUTLER.—We are sorry to hear that Mrs. H. H. Butler of Suffolk, Va. is feeble again. We trust she may be speedily restored to health.

LONG.—Rev. W. S. Long, D. D., has been feeble for several days of late. He was better when last heard from. We trust he may soon be well.

STALEY.—Rev. W. W. Staley spent last week with Mrs. Staley who was quite sick at her home in Franklin county, N. C. She is much better now, however.

FOSTER.—Rev. J. L. Foster was "pounded" by his congregation in this city last Monday. It was a very pleasant occasion and the gifts were numerous and useful.

MORROW.—Rev. G. W. Morrow of West Randolph, Vermont, has gotten well settled down to his work. He contributes to the *SUN*'s columns occasionally and the productions of his pen are ever welcome.

BLACK.—Rev. G. D. Black, the editor of *Spirit and Life* is doing a fine work on that excellent magazine. The April issue is on our table, full and interesting. We heartily commend it to our readers. It is full of sweet thought and truth in its beauty. It is only \$1.00 a year. Address Rev. A. Dunlap, Janestown, Ohio.

KLAPP.—Rev. P. T. Klapp gave us a pleasant call on Monday on his return from the dedication of Zion's new house of worship, near Osgood in Chatham county, N. C. Brother Klapp preached the sermon to a large congregation. This was his first field of labor and he served them nine years. It was therefore very pleasant to meet and mingle with this people again.

JONES.—In the *SUN* of March 12, a most vexatious error occurred which put the Rev. C. J. Jones, D. D., of Norfolk, Va., in an unenviable light. The mistake will be found on page 10, at top of third column. Two

lines of the Suffolk Letter by mistake got into Peggy Abbott's letter, in making up the forms, and was not discovered till the paper was in the mails. Take off from the top of the third column two lines and put them at head of second column and it will read all right. Dr. Jones is neither an enemy to the college, nor is he stingy enough to give any amount and then regret doing so. His liberality is commensurate with his income and some of his friends believe it in excess thereof. We hope the Doctor and his friends will pardon the mistake as it was purely accidental.

HAYNES.—Bro. J. C. Haynes of Norfolk, recently lost his daughter Miss Irene, by death, as has already been reported in this paper.

In speaking of the funeral serves one of the Norfolk papers says.

Long before the appointed hour a large number of friends began to assemble at the Haynes residence, on Brambleton avenue, to pay the last sad duty to the memory of Miss Irene C. Haynes, and when the hour arrived the spacious building was completely filled and many had to remain outside. The Rev. C. J. Jones delivered a most feeling and touching sermon, and Miss Carrie Jones sang "Come Ye Disconsolate" and "Gone to the Silent Land," after which the remains were conveyed to Elmwood cemetery, where they were reverently laid to rest. The following young gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: N. A. Manson, C. V. Jordan, R. N. Grant, Gorge Lathrop, W. C. Arrington, C. R. Whitehurst, S. Jackson and Willie Curdts. H. C. Smith, funeral director, was in charge, Mr. and Mrs. Haynes have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

Your renewal, if due, should be sent in as once.

Dr. Jones has two very suggestive and thoughtful articles in this issue. They are short and pointed.

In the last issue of the SUN Mrs. W. S. Long called on our readers to assist her in beautifying the campus of Elon College. This is a most worthy project and we hope that many of our friends will liberally answer the call. The campus can be made one of the finest in the State and it would add immensely to the appearance of the place. Give our sister liberal aid.

The Wilmington Daily Messenger was sold March 25, to Mr. Pembroke Jones for \$4,500—which was next to no price for what had been spent on it. We are glad to see that Dr. Kingsbury continues to edit the paper. He is a strong writer and knows what constitutes a good family newspaper perhaps as well as any man in the South. We wish for him continued usefulness and happiness and great success for Mr. Jones the new proprietor of the Messenger.

Elon College Notes.

Since our last letter other kind friends have placed us under obligations to them by sending us books for our library. B. F. Johnson & Co., publishers, of Richmond, sent us three splendid volumes—The Path to Wealth, Memorial volume of Jefferson Davis, and Christ in the Camp. These are valuable additions to our library. Also Rev. R. H. Holland, of Holland's, Va., sent us a nice package consisting of eighteen volumes. Rev. H. L. Hines, of Elon College, handed us ten excellent volumes. Miss Kate Clendennin, in behalf of the Psiphelean Society, six volumes; Miss Pattie Newman, of Everetts, Va., sent one volume—Platform Echoes. And thus the good work goes on, and may it continue. Who next?

Drs. Long and Newman have been sick during the past week, but we are glad to say at this writing, Dr. Long is better and Prof. Newman is up and able to be on duty.

The District Meeting at Shallow Ford, one mile from the college, was a success and largely attended, especially on Sunday. The secretary will doubtless give you a report of this, but on two items in this connection let me note: Mr. Scholz made a talk about the SUN and asked for ten subscribers, and he got them too. Rev. C. C. Peele preached the missionary sermon Sunday evening—and a good one too. Bro. Peele asked the congregation for five dollars for foreign missions—and he got what he asked for.

By the way, if any of our churches want to raise money, I advise them to send for C. C. Peele or N. G. Newman. If there are any difficulties and a large amount is desired I advise that both of these gentlemen be sent for and the money will come.

Communion services were held at the church, and as nearly all of our students were present, they had the privilege of partaking of this Holy Supper. Just here, Mr. Editor, I will ask a question which you may put over in the Question Box and answer if you wish. Sunday last was the first time the writer ever enjoyed the privilege of communing with God's people. As you know I was reared under Baptists influence—always attended Baptist Sunday school and church and was educated in Baptist schools and professed religion in a Baptist church under the preaching of a Baptist minister, and was baptized by immersion. Yet, as I suppose, because a Baptist minister did not dip me and because the church book in which my name is enrolled did not happen to belong to a Baptist church, they never have asked me to partake of the Lord's supper with them, and I suppose they never will. Scientific question: What are the "elementary compounds" of water and blank books used by Baptists which causes their substances to contain more of virtue than like water and like blank books used by other denominations for the same purpose? Moral question: If the Baptist admit that you are a Christian and on the same road going toward the same heaven that they are, do they show any selfishness, indifference, or inconsistency by re-

fusing you to partake of the Lord's supper with them?

Four additional names were placed upon our roll last week, and our roll book now shows 115 names.

Rev. C. J. Jones, D. D., of Norfolk, Va., has consented to be with us commencement and preach the baccalaureate sermon. We expect a treat on that occasion.

Mar. 30, 1891.

J. O. ATKINSON.

Suffolk Letter.

Easter morning opened bright and pleasant, typical of that brighter morning of the resurrection when Christ shall come to "make up his jewels." The Christian church had been beautifully decorated with pot and cut flowers by members who had them. A large audience packed the church to enjoy the special services which consisted of recitations, the Easter cross, solos, duets and choral music, accompanied with organ and cornets. The recitations were by children, while the congregation joined in responsive scripture readings. The parts were all rendered successfully, and some were moved to tears by the dear little ones singing the sweet songs of praises. The quiet congregation, the bright sweet music, the happy children, and the pretty flowers all joined to make the resurrection thoughts full of hope and good feelings. Twenty-five calla lilies with their snowy whiteness lifted their spotless heads above the green that enclosed them. Happy were the ladies who had brought them through the rain on Saturday and placed them in their places with little hope of a congregation. Thus we often toil through the storm and darkness with nothing to encourage us, to find a full reward in the brightness and success that follow. The resurrection is the pivotal doctrine of the New Testament. "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is vain also."

All turns on this great question. Easter commemorates the resurrection. It is a time of joy, of grateful praises. It is fitting to gather the richest flowers, and the best verses, and the sweetest music, and weave them into expressions of faith in Christ and hope in the resurrection from the dead. "But is now made manifest by the appearing of our Savior Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

Life is what men love and crave and the resurrection offers life eternal. The opening springtime with bud and blossom, and singing birds and lengthening days, and increased activity and life joins with our Easter praises in hope of an endless life in heaven.

There was an entertainment at Bethlehem church last Thursday night called the "Box Supper." Boxes containing suppers were sold for 25c. and each box contained also the name of a young lady with whom the purchaser was expected to eat the supper. The house was crowded notwithstanding the very bad roads and very bad weather.

The time was enlivened with music and the evening was one of pleasure and success. About \$80.00 was realized and the evening was counted a success. Bethlehem is moving on nicely and Brother Butler has good reason for encouragement in his work.

W. W. STALEY

March, 30, 1891.

A. C. CONVENTION.

Receipts of the American Christian Convention for the period March 12-16 1891.

DATE.	CHURCH OF DONOR	PURPOSE.	AMT.
Mar. 12	Blountsville, Ind.	for Education	\$3 13
"	Licking, Ohio,	for Education,	1 50
"	So Westerlo, N. Y.	for C. B. I.,	3 26
"	Berea, Va.	for Education,	2 14
"	Pleasant Hill, Ind.,	for Education,	1 10
"	Stanfordville, N. Y.,	for Education,	9 18
"	Laurens, N. Y.,	for Sec'y Office, on pledge N. Y. E. Conf. for deficit	1 00
"	Union Mills, N. Y.,	for Sec'y office, on pledge N. Y. E. Conf. for deficit.	2 75
"	Thorn Creek, Ind.	for Education,	1 00
"	Mary A. Buckley,	for Education,	10 00
"	Sumner, Ill.,	for Education,	2 00
13	Manchester, N. H.,	for Convention,	1 25
"	Stanfordville, N. Y.,	per J. B. W. for LeGrand,	4 50
"	M. J. V.,	for Education,	60
"	Mt Union, Pa., (Pa. S.)	for Education,	1 78
"	Royalton, N. Y.,	for Education,	2 15
"	Newark, N. Y.,	for Education,	2 43
"	Eddyton, N. Y.,	for Education,	1 82
"	Maple Rapids, Mich.,	for Education,	2 73
"	Oxford, Mich.,	for Education,	2 00
"	Clarendon, N. Y.,	for Education,	1 20
"	Rev. Thomas Linseott,	for Education,	50
"	Springboro, Pa.,	for Education,	6 00
"	Hartwick Village, N. Y.,	for Education,	3 60
"	Christian Hill, N. Y.,	for Education,	1 80
"	East Middleton, O.,	for Education,	1 60
"	Medusa, N. Y.,	for C. B. I.,	2 40
"	Medusa, N. Y.,	for Foreign Missions, pledged at N. Y. E. Conf., in 1890,	5 00
"	Hopewell, N. J.,	for Education,	25
"	Milan, N. Y.,	for Education,	3 15
"	Schultzville, N. Y.	for Education,	5 50
"	Swansea, Mass.,	for Education, for C. B. I.	8 47
"	So Rehoboth Mass.,	for C. B. I.,	2 34
"	Brushon, N. Y.,	for Education,	3 68
"	E. Dickinson, N. Y.,	for Education,	57
"	Clear Creek, for Education,		1 67
"	Tatesville, Pa.,	for Education,	80
14	B. F. Clayton,	for Sec'y office,	1 00
"	Swansea, Mass., (additional)	for C. B. I.	1 00
"	Kimble Grov., Ill.,	for Education,	1 20
"	Portlandville, N. Y.,	Y. P. S. C. E., for Foreign Missions,	2 00
"	Shiloh, Ind., (Ind. E.)	for Education,	1 50
"	Rev P. A. Canada,	for Sec'y office, on pledge Miami Conf. on deficit,	1 00
"	Versailles, O.,	for Sec'y office,	60
"	Versailles, O.,	for Sec'y office, pledge Ind. E. Conf. on deficit,	2 00
"	Versailles, O.,	for Education,	2 65
"	Danbury, Ct.,	for Education,	4 24
"	Linden, Ind.,	for Education,	1 00
"	Bethany, O.,	for Education,	2 90
"	Bethesda, Ind., (Ind. S.)	for Education	2 50
"	Kelso, Ind.,	for Education,	2 60
"	Tampico, Ind.,	for Education,	6 50
"	E Springfield, Pa.,	for Education,	2 60
"	Quaker St., N. Y.,	for Education,	1 76
"	Coeyman's Junction, N. Y.,	for Ed'n,	3 50
"	Rev. D. E. Millard and wife	for Ed'n,	1 00
"	Merom, Ind.,	for Convention,	3 50
"	Clemons Grove Iowa	for Education,	2 60
"	Clemons Grove, Iowa,	for Convention,	1 00
"	Albany N. Y.,	for Education,	7 25
16	Portland, Ind.,	for Franklinton,	3 00
"	North Union, Ind.,	for Education,	2 20
"	Bethel, Marshall Co., Ia.,	for LeGrand College,	2 00
"	Elm Grove, Ind.	for Education,	1 00

I have this March 16th, 1891, sent to Hon. F. A. Palmer, the treasurer of the Convention, the sum of (\$168.95) one hundred sixty eight dollars and ninety five cents, to be placed in the treasury of the A. C. C., credit being given as follows:

To Education.....	\$120 88
Foreign Mission.....	2 00
A. C. C. (general fund).....	5 75
Christian Biblical Institute.....	17 47
Secretary's Office.....	8 35
Le Grand College.....	6 50
Foreign Missions (special).....	5 00
Franklinton College.....	3 00

This is the educational period.

J. J. SUMMEBELL, Sec'y A. C. C.
2120 Norris St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Personal Belief.

Faith is first traditional. It believes on the testimony of others.

It is the first faith we possess, and comes generally as the result of the first gospel man ever hears—the gospel of home and mother. There is nothing of personal reasoning or judgment in it; it rests upon the testimony of those whom we love and trust. This is well, and in accordance with a law of our being; but there should come a time in the experience of every one when the faith we have accepted in childhood, the knowledge we have gained merely by the assertions of others, should come to be tried and measured by our own reasoning powers, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and accepted or rejected in whole or in part, according to our own judgment. The great Apostle assures us: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." And the Samaritans who at first were influenced by what the woman told them of the illustrious stranger at Jacob's well, to come to him and hear for themselves, passed very rapidly through two phases of human experience.

"And many more believe because of his word; and said unto the woman: Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Savior of the world.

In the experience of these Samaritans the belief was now personal—individual; not at second hand, or traditional; and only such a personal faith, individually wrought out, is of any value to God or of practical use to man. That which is good for the child will not satisfy the demands of manhood or meet the demands of God. Let every man prove his own work and he shall have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden; "and with the burden of belief a stranger intermeddleth not.

"The creed that must thy mind control
Can all things be, except the creed
Of any other human soul"

A man may believe, and make his own in the most genuine way, says Carlyle, what he has received from another, and with boundless gratitude to that other. The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes he believes it for himself, not for another. That a man be original, true, is surely the farthest in the world from indisposing him to reverence and believe other men's truth. It only disposes, and necessarily compels him to disbelieve other men's dead formulas, hearsays, and untruths.

Liberty of judgement is essential. No iron chain or outward force of any kind could ever compel the soul of a man to believe or disbelieve. In Joseph Cook's last lecture he tritely puts it, "When inquiry is shut out

at the door, doubt comes in at the window." Quoting from a later work of Carlyle's, he affirms that the man who would save his soul alive is reduced to the sad necessity of sharply trying his gods whether they are divine or not; which lays an awful problem upon each man. Cheerish pious thoughts and constantly keep your eye directed to heaven, that is not real; will that, he asks, yield divine life to you, or hideous galvanic life in death? To cherish the emasculated virtues of another and wed them to the principle that God can be served by that which you do not know to be true, is the reverse of a true nobility, and falls immeasurably below the divine requirement.

In a qualified sense Owen Meredith's stanza may be accepted:

"Alas! is not the creed that saves the man;
It is the man that justifies the creed.
And each must save his own soul as he can
Since each is burdened with a different need"
And Dryden declares;

"Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive
Not from what others, but what I believe."

A faith that is real, though contained in a single short sentence like that of the Ethiopian eunuch, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," wrought out in the laboratory of thy soul, will accomplish infinitely more for thee than all the written theories of other men's faith the world contains. It will bring thee to Jesus, lead on to the pardon of all sin, conduct thee into the ineffable presence of the Eternal God, and with his blessing upon thee thou too shalt "Go on thy way rejoicing."

C. J. JONES

Norfolk Va.,

JAS. I. JOHNSON,
Successor to Lee, Johnson, & Co.

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A Wooden Preacher.

I believe in preaching of all sorts. Everyman must be simple—be himself. Let us have no little Newtons, and no under-measured Punshons. Let us have individuality of gift, genius, faculty and adaptation. Copy no man. Every imitation is certain at some point to discover inevitable feebleness. A minister called upon me one day to ask what I would advise him to do, because it seemed impossible for him to secure a settlement. I said: "I have never heard you preach. Can you give me an idea of your method of preaching, so that I might report on the basis of my own knowledge and judgement?" To my surprise, he said he could give me a sermon there and then? I submitted to my fate. He gave out his text, and went through the whole discourse.

He was a perfect miracle of self-possession to me. I said, "You want to know what impression you have produced on me?" "Yes," said he. "Well, the impression is this, that you have been far more anxious to get something off your mind than to get it into mine?" It was a recitation. He was unburdening himself. He was getting through his labors, and at the end, no doubt, he required, if he did not receive, some measure of refreshment. The sermon was good enough, but it was from the point of delivery—wooden, wanting in sympathy and application. He could have preached in the same way to the coal box! I said: Why did you not talk to me? Why did you not deport yourself as if you had a message for me, and never mind your grammar, or your phrases, or your rhetoric, or your makeup, but let me have the fire of Pentecost, the sign and seal of the Holy Ghost?"—Joseph Parker, D. D.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura the great Skin Cure, Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Blood Purifier, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thou and thy grateful testimonies attest their wonderful and unfailing efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 5¢; Soap, 25¢; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

Rheumatism; Kidney Pains and Weakness relieved in one minute by Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25¢.

"Like Magic,"

THE effect produced by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Colds, Coughs, Croup, and Sore Throat are, in most cases, immediately relieved



by the use of this wonderful remedy. It strengthens the vocal organs, allays irritation, and prevents the inroads of Consumption; in every stage of that dread disease, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieves coughing and induces refreshing rest.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children have been subject."—Capt. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"From an experience of over thirty years in the sale of proprietary medicines, I feel justified in recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One of the best recommendations of the Pectoral is the enduring quality of its popularity, it being more salable now than it was twenty-five years ago, when its great success was considered marvelous."—R. S. Drake, M. D., Beloit, Kans.

"My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skillful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine; saying that he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with the most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This has given me unbounded faith in the preparation, and I recommend it confidently to my customers."—C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind.

For Colds and Coughs, take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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THE LATEST GOSPEL SONG BOOK OUT.

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WHY is it that J. P. GAY, Franklin, Va., is receiving such a large patronage from the ladies?

HE KEEPS A NICE STOCK OF GOODS AND THEY KNOW IT.

WHY is it that the sterner sex are giving him more of their patronage?

LIKE THE LADIES THEY GENERALLY FIND HIS STOCK COMPLETE AND PRICES SATISFACTORY.

DONALD KENNEDY
of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because **no two people have the same weak spot.** Beginning at the stomach, it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, **inward humor** makes the weak spot. Perhaps it's only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps it's a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The Medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.



E. E. HOLLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUFFOLK, VA.

COURTS—Nansemond, Isle of Wight, and Southampton counties.

Her Treasures.

It is sometimes amusing, and sometimes it is most pathetic, to note the way in which old people cling to trifling gifts and relics that have no real value, and that others, who had no pleasant memories associated with the articles, would either consign to the lumber closet or purposely destroy. As people grow older, these little scraps of things, mementos of their youth, or of friends "gone before," grow dearer to them.

A friendless and homeless old lady, past her four score years, was, through the charity of a wealthy and good woman, sent to the Old Ladies' Home to end her days. All her possessions were packed into a small and worn hand-satchel, with the exception of a small, round bundle which she carried carefully in her hands. When this was unwrapped it proved to be a glass candy jar with a tin cover, and in the jar were a few odds and ends of things, seemingly of no value, but very dear to the heart of their owner.

When visitors came she would turn the contents of the jar into her apron, and, handling them carefully and tenderly with her bent and wrinkled fingers, would say: "This little candy tomater is somethin' I've had more'n sixty years, an' I would not take a good deal for it. My brother Ben gave it to me the day 'fore he went to sea, an' never came back no more, pore boy! He was a good boy, Ben was.

"This little scrap of changeable yellow an' green silk is more'n ninety years old. It's a piece o' my mother's weddin' dress an' I think a sight of it; an' here's a piece of shally delaine I was married in sixty years ago. Ain't that little laylock blossom in it purty? John, my husband, you know, he allers liked laylocks, an' he loved to see me wear this dress. I hain't but this little scrap left.

"See this little shell with the aidges all broke off. I've had it years an' years, an' I'd kind o' like it put in my coffin. My little boy, Johnnie, named for his pa, came a runnin' in one day from his play on the river bank, an' he had this shell in his little, dirty hand, an' he says, 'Mammy, I've brung yon somethin' purty for a bress'pin, an' it'll do to 'member me by when I'm growed up an' gone;' an' dear me, dear me, the very next day they brung him in all cold an' white an' drippin' from the river, where he had been for hours an' hours, an' me thinkin' he was at his play. An' I took the little shell out'n my pocket, an' put it away, but I didn't need it nor nothin' else to 'member him by."

There were other things in the jar not worth five cents to any one else, but very precious to the lonely old soul, who smiled over some of them, and cried softly over others.—*Exchange.*

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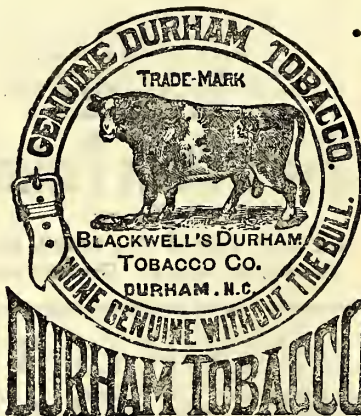
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Hence Dealers and Consumers always pronounce it THE BEST.

Situated in the immediate section of country that produces a grade of Tobacco that in texture, flavor and quality is not grown elsewhere in the world, the popularity of these goods is only limited by the quantity produced. We are in position to command the choice of all offerings upon this market, and spare no pains or expense to give the trade the VERY BEST

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A liberal package of Mixed Flower Seeds, embracing upwards of 1,000 varieties, yielding something new and pleasing every day the entire season, will be mailed with PARK'S original, beautiful and instructive FLORAL GUIDE, for only two stamps. This is a treat for every flower lover. You'll be delighted. Send at once. Name this paper. Address GEO. W. PARK, Florist, Libonia, Pa. STILL MORE.—Get a friend to send with you, and we will add a package of French Large-flowered Pansies in finest mixture, imported direct from Paris. This advertisement will re-appear again. Be prompt. 18 splendid Roses, \$1.00. P. L.—Park's New Rose Budget, all about Roses, superbly illustrated, only 10 cts.

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In your town, Good Pay. Respectable employment.
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Mrs. E. B. OSBORN, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SPECIAL SALE

BEGINNING

Wednesday, February 11th.

Our first SPECIAL SALE for 1891 will open on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, at 10 o'clock a.m., and CONTINUE ONLY TEN DAYS.

All goods left from the season, without reserve, will be reduced to prices which will not fail to move them in the very limited time allotted for this sale. We like occasionally to give those a chance who lay up hard cash until they see *Big Discounts in Prices!* To this class we promise a harvest. The fact is we have the largest ever offered by us at any previous closing out sale. We have too many goods; cannot carry them over to another season; they must be closed if desirable stuff and cut prices will accomplish this end. Many of these are staple goods, which are as seasonable for Spring as for present use.

ALL IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC DRESS GOODS,

Including black wool and silk-warp Henriettas, wool Surahs, plain and fancy Black Goods of all kinds, are placed on the market.

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.

Towels, Napkins, Doylies, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Gents' Furnishing Goods, special job in Men's and Boy's Shirts, Carpets, Trunks and Hand-bags are all included.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

There are some goods in our cloak department which are extremely desirable. Seal Plush Jackets, Seal Plush Sacques, Cloth Jackets, Long and Short Wraps, all of which will be marked down to close.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

The best line of Ladies, Gents, Misses and Children's Shoes yet offered, in Ziegler's, Hanan's, Saller Lewin's, and many other makes will come to the front among the inducements.

The largest, most complete stock of Cambric, Nainsook and Swiss Edgings, white Flouncings, fast-black Flouncings, Torchon Linen and Cotton Laces, and White Goods, just received, will be a side line on which special inducements will be offered during this sale.

Permit us to add that, as we conduct these sweeping-out sales at least twice each year, you are not in danger of getting old, shop-worn stock.

Promising bargains to all who honor us with their presence, we are,

Yours very truly,

BALLARD & SMITH.

SUFFOLK, VA.

The Breath of Spring is the Air.

Time to practice EASTER MUSIC, is it not?

Send for Fine List of Carols, Anthems, etc., or for Easter Alleluias (5c., 50c. dz.), Rosabel, or Our Easter Offering 15c., \$1.44 dz.), a Cantata by Lewis

MUSICAL SOCIETIES

should wind up the season by practicing such cantatas as Don Munio (\$1.50 \$13.50 dz.), Wreck of Hesperus (35c., \$2.40 dz.), 91st Psalm (60c., \$5.40 dz.), Ballad. (Send for our list of 150 Cantatas.)

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS

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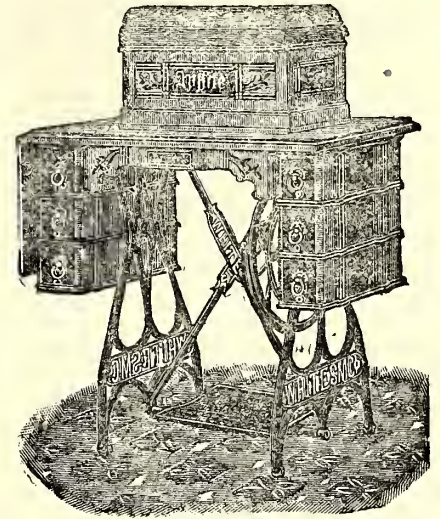
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RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD

in effect Sunday, Dec. 7, 1890.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

34	38
Pass, Pas. and Mail.	
Daily.	Daily ex. Sund.
Leave Raleigh,	5 00 p m 11 25 a m
Mill Brook,	5 15 11 41
Wake,	5 39 12 05
Franklinton,	6 01 12 26
Kittrell,	6 19 12 44
Henderson,	6 36 1 00
Warren Plains,	7 14 1 39
Macon,	7 22 1 46
Arrive Weldon.	8 30 2 45 p m

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

41	45
Pass. and Mail.	Pass.
Daily ex. Sun.	Daily.
Leave Weldon, 12 15 p m	6 00 a m
Macon, 1 13	7 06
Warren Plains, 1 20 p m	7 15
Henderson, 2 22	7 53
Kittrell, 2 39	8 11
Franklinton, 2 56	8 29
Wake, 3 17	8 50
Mill Brook, 3 40	9 15
Arrive Raleigh, 3 55	9 30

LOUISBURG RAILROAD

Leaves Lousburg at 7.35 a.m., 2.00 p.m.
 Arr. at Franklinton at 8.10 a.m., 2.35 p.m.
 Lv. Franklinton at 12.30 p.m., 6.05 p.m.
 Arr. at Louisburg at 1.05 p.m., 6.40 p.m.
JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager.
Wm. Smith, Superintendent.

RALEIGH AND AUGUSTA AIR-LINE

R. R. In effect 9 a.m. Sunday, Dec. 7, 1890

Going South.

	NO. 41	NO. 5
	Passenger & Mail.	Freight & Passenger
Leave Raleigh	4 00 p m	8 35 a m
Gary,	4 19	9 20
Merry Oaks,	4 54	11 28
Moncure,	5 05	12 10 p m
Sanford,	5 23	2 10
Cameron,	5 54	4 20
Southern Pines,	6 21	5 35
Arrive Hamlet,	7 20 p m	8 10 p m
Leave “	7 40 p m	
“ Ghio	7 59 p m	
Arrive Gibson	8 15 p m	

Going North.

	NO. 38	NO. 4.
	Passenger & Mail.	Freight & Passenger
Leave Gibson	7 00 a m	a m
Leave Ghio,	7 18	
Arrive Hamlet,	7 38	
Leave “	8 00	5 00
Southern Pines,	8 58	7 40
Cameron,	9 26	9 31
Sanford,	9 52	10 55
Moncure,	10 16	12 10 p m
Merry Oaks,	10 26	12 50
Cary,	11 01	2 45
Arrive Raleigh,	11 20 a m	3 20

PITTSBORO ROAD.

Lv. Pittsboro at 9.10 a.m., 4.00 p.m.
 arr at Moncure at 9.55 a.m., 4.45 p.m.
 Lv. Moncure at 10.25 a.m., 5.10 p.m.
 arr at Pittsboro at 11.10 a.m., 5.55 p.m.

CARTHAGE RAILROAD.

Lv Carthage at 8.00 a. m. 3.45 p. m.
 arr at Cameron at 8.35 a. m. 4.20 p. m.
 Lv Cameron at 9.35 a. m. 6.00 p. m.
 arr at Carthage at 10.10 a.m. 6.35 p.m

Richmond and Danville Railroad Company.

Condensed Schedule.
 In Effect March 8th, 1891.

DAILY

SOUTH BOUND.	No. 9.	No. 11.
Lv. Richmond,	a 1 00 p m	a 2 55 a m
" Burkeville,	2 59 p m	4 53 a m
" Keysville,	3 42 p m	5 31 a m
Ar. Danville,	6 16 p m	8 00 a m
" Greensboro,	8 20 p m	10 10 a m

Lv. Goldsboro,	a 12 15 p m	14 30 p m
Ar. Raleigh,	2 04 p m	7 35 p m

Lv. Raleigh,	a 4 15 p m	a 1 25 a m
Ar. Durham,	5 20 p m	3 27 a m
" Greensboro,	7 45 p m	7 50 a m

Lv. Winston-Salem,	16 30 p m	a 6 50 a m
" Greensboro,	a 8 30 p m	a 10 18 a m
Ar. Salisbury,	10 35 a m	11 57 p m

" Statesville,	a 12 35 a m	a 12 57 p m
" Asheville,	5 55 a m	5 38 p m
" Hot Spring,	8 32 p m	7 20 p m

Lv. Salisbury,	a 10 45 p m	a 12 03 p m
Ar. Charlotte,	12 20 p m	1 30 p m
" Spartanburg,	3 45 a m	4 32 p m
" Greenville,	4 53 a m	5 50 p m
" Atlanta,	10 09 a m	11 30 p m

Lv. Charlotte,	a 12 40 p m	a 1 45 p m
Ar. Columbia,	4 40 a m	5 50 p m
Ar. Augusta,	8 15 a m	9 30 p m

DAILY.

NORTH BOUND.	No. 10.	No. 12
Lv. Augusta,	a 9 30 p m	a 10 45 a m
" Columbia,	12 20 a m	2 00 p m
Ar. Charlotte,	4 30 a m	6 10 p m

Lv. Atlanta,	a 6 00 p m	a 7 10 a m
Ar. Charlotte,	5 10 a m	6 15 p m
" Salisbury,	6 57 a m	8 00 p m

Lv. Hot Springs	a 11 32 p m	a 12 27 p m
" Asheville,	1 04 a m	2 19 p m
" Statesville,	5 26 a m	6 33 p m
Ar. Salisbury,	6 20 a m	7 25 p m

Lv. Salisbury,	a 7 05 a m	a 8 30 p m
Ar. Greensboro,	8 50 a m	10 27 p m

" Winston-Salem,	a 11 45 a m	12 10 a m
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Lv. Greensboro,	a 10 35 a m	a 11 15 p m
Ar. Durham,	12 33 p m	4 30 a m
" Raleigh,	1 32 p m	7 35 a m

Lv. Raleigh,	a. 37 p m	19 00 a m
Ar. Goldsboro,	3 10 p m	1 00 p m

Lv. Greensboro,	a 9 00 a m	a 10 37 p m
Ar. Danville,	10 41 a m	10 25 a m
" Keysville,	1 33 p m	3 23 a m
" Burkeville,	2 15 p m	4 06 a m
" Richmond,	4 10 p m	6 05 a m

BETWEEN

West Point, Richmond & Raleigh.

Via Keysville, Oxford, and Durham.

15 and 14.	STATIONS	16 and 13
*7 50 a m	Lv... West Point... Ar	6 00 p m
9 15 a m	Ar... Richmond... Lv	4 35 p m
10 35 a m	Lv... Richmond... Ar	4 30 p m
12 15 p m	"... Burkeville... "	2 21 p m
1 40 p m	"... Keysville... "	1 40 p m
2 17 p m	"... Chase City... "	12 24 p m
2 50 p m	"... Clarksville... "	11 47 a m
3 41 p m	Ar.... Oxford... Lv.	a 10 57 a m

4 05 p m	Lv... Oxford... Ar	10 15 a m
5 05 p m	"... Henderson... "	*9 15 a m

3 46 p m	Lv.... Oxford..... Ar.	10 52 a m
6 32 p m	Ar.... Raleigh..... Lv.	a 8 15 a m

† Daily except Sunday. a or *Daily.

Washington and Southwestern Vestibule Limited operated between Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 11.10 a.m., Danville 7.25 p.m., Greensboro 8.50 p.m., Salisbury 10.20 p.m., Charlotte 11.40 p.m., arrives Atlanta 7.20 a.m. Returning, leave Atlanta 11.10 a.m., Charlotte 7.05 p.m., Salisbury 8.20 p.m., Greensboro 9.45 p.m.; arrives Danville 11.05 p.m., Lynchburg 1.30 a.m., Washington 6.53 a.m.

Additional train leaves Oxford daily except Sunday 11.05 a.m., arrive Henderson 12.05 p.m., returning leave Henderson 2.15 p.m. daily except Sunday, arrive Oxford 3.15 p.m.

No. 9, leaving Goldsboro 12.15 p.m. and Raleigh 4.15 p.m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No. 40, leaving at 5.35 p.m. daily, except Monday for Oxford, Henderson, an all points on O. & H., O. & C. and R. & M. Roads.

Passenger coaches run through between West Point and Raleigh, via Keysville, on Nos. 15 and 14, and 16 and 13.

Nos. 9 and 10 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

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On 11 and 12, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans, via Montgomery, and between Washington and Birmingham, Ala., Richmond and Danville, Raleigh and Greensboro and between Washington and Augusta, and Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Washington and Hot Springs via Asheville.

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King Alcohol.

How long shall this terrible king cause so many of our young men to bow down to him, and not only our young men but old men whose heads have been silvered by the frost of many winters, and they do not seem to realize, as they loiter along, that they must soon be called before the great and just Judge to give a strict account of the deeds done in the body. It seems very strange that a young man will throw himself away in this manner when he could be so useful in this world. It is sad indeed to see bright, intelligent young men throw themselves away in such a manner as this. Where, oh, where! shall the drunkard find rest for his weary soul when this short life shall end? Oh that they would read and re-read that passage of Scripture which says no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

It is very sad to think of the many homes that are made miserable by this awful curse.

How many poor little children shiver with cold and cry for bread when the money that should buy bread for them goes to pay the rum seller.

How long, O Lord, shall this awful curse lead so many of our people downward to an awful torment. X.

Haw River, N. C., Mar. 16, 1891.

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